

The Musical World.

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42

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MISS ELIZABETH STIRLING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In these days of intellectual improvement, and when the question of woman's rights and proper occupation is so frequently and so ably discussed, the subject I am about to present to your notice will, I am sure, be sufficient apology for my troubling you with a letter, knowing that you are ever ready to defend the weaker sex, and give them praise and honour where it is due.

I saw advertised, in the *Times* of Friday last, that Miss Elizabeth Stirling, a lady for whose musical talent I have the highest respect, was to perform on the large organ at the Crystal Palace, at half-past three o'clock on that day. Her programme was also advertised; and it certainly did great credit to the talent and perseverance of that lady that she should be able to perform, and in public, some of the most difficult pieces composed for the organ. I felt proud of my countrywoman; I felt proud that one of my own sex should be considered competent to perform in the Crystal Palace, after the other eminent organists who had exhibited their talent on the previous Fridays.

Accordingly, notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, I started for Sydenham, where I arrived at half-past three, and found, to begin the series of insults to which Miss Stirling was afterwards subjected, that, to oblige Mr. Manns and his band, the lady had been requested to begin a quarter of an hour sooner than announced, so that I lost some of the first part of the programme. The audience was small, and not very enthusiastic; but the bad state of the weather, and the music being principally of what may be called a severe style, I was not surprised at that; but I was both surprised and disgusted when, in the midst of Miss Stirling's very admirable performance, Mr. Manns's most ungallant band began tuning their instruments, and ended by hissing, until Miss Stirling was compelled to rise from the organ, leaving her programme unfinished.

Now, sir, what do you think of such conduct? Was it not unmanly, ungentlemanly, and ungenerous in the extreme? Would you not have thought that those men (if able to appreciate such music) would have gathered round the musician, and applauded the woman who could so distinguish herself, as did Mr. Macfarren, Dr. Rimbault, and several other musicians? and if incapable of appreciating the performance, which I really must suppose was the case, or thinking the length of her programme would interfere with their arrangements for leaving the Palace, ought they not, as gentlemen, to have listened, at least, in respectful silence, and have curtailed their own programme? which, considering the scanty audience, would scarcely have been noticed.

My indignation at such treatment of a lady must again plead my apology for thus troubling you, and I remain, sir,

October 12. Your's most obediently,

J. J. B.

P.S.—I inclose my card for your own satisfaction.

THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your notice of the performance of *Maritana* on Monday, the 5th inst., you ask me two questions, which I think, in justice to myself, I ought to answer.

In the first place, as to the pronunciation of "Don Cæsar," laying the accent on the final syllable of the word "Cæsar." I beg to refer you to the score of the opera, where the composer, at the end of the second act, has so accented it; any alteration in the accent would necessitate an alteration in the music.

In answer to the second question, I assure you it is not my intention to assume a foreign pronunciation, and can hardly believe it possible I could have done so, as the words "sweetest," which you say I pronounced "sweethesth," and "thold me," for "told me," do not occur in any part of the opera that I have to speak or sing. I remain, sir, yours truly,

W. H. WEISS.

Oct. 14th, 1857.

[In the first place, if the adapter, following the French pronunciation, placed the emphasis on the second syllable of Cæsar in his verses—which he should not have done—it does not follow that Mr. Harrison and Mr. Weiss should pronounce it so in speaking. Secondly, we did not accuse Mr. Weiss of affectation. We merely asked a question, and wished to give the singer counsel which he might profit by. That Mr. Weiss, when he sings, pronounces—frequently, if not invariably—the words as we have printed them, everybody who has heard him must allow. The defect is not confined to Mr. Weiss, and, doubtless, has crept into English singing from the attempt of our vocalists in Italian music to give the words the true pronunciation.

We can readily believe Mr. Weiss that he does not know that he pronounces his words with a thick accent, since his speaking is unexceptionably English.—Ed.]

THE LATE MR. JERROLD.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I will ask you, in common fairness, to afford me space in your journal to reply to a letter inserted in your impression of the 7th instant, signed "Charles Dickens, and Arthur Smith." It has grieved me excessively to be at issue with Mr. Charles Dickens, a gentleman who was so long my father's friend, whose regard I have every reason to cherish, and for whose kind intentions I am deeply grateful. But some consideration, it seems to me, was due to a son who was anxious to vindicate his father's memory from the charge of having left his family totally unprovided for. This consideration has not been extended to me; and I venture to offer the following justification of that statement made by me which has unhappily aroused the anger of Mr. Dickens. This gentleman and Mr. Arthur Smith are pleased, in taking exception to this statement, to preface their remarks with a sneer at the publicity I "could obtain for it." My reply to this sneer is, that I sought no publicity for my communication beyond that afforded by the journal in which that communication first appeared.

I am next informed, in the letter which you inserted on the 7th inst., that the forbearing and delicate reference to my father's affairs, made by Mr. Dickens in a previous communication, was forced upon him and those persons whom he represented by exaggerations with which they had been frequently met, "and which the son had never contradicted." I will now explain why I did not contradict these exaggerations, by quoting a letter addressed by Mr. Charles Dickens to Mr. Wills, dated Gadshill, June 16, and directed to be submitted to me. Mr. Dickens writes thus:—"I, too, was expressly mortified and indignant to see that nonsense (I forget where) about poor dear Jerrold, and his not having left a shilling; but we all have to bear our share of such dunderheaded small-talk, and I don't think it practicable to contradict this obscure stupidity now. It is clearly not for us to contradict it, who take such pains in every movement, from the smallest to the least, associated with our departed friend, to place him on a footing apart from all solicitation. In inviting artists to sing, actors to play, and the Queen herself to come to one of the performances, I have invariably said in all the letters, that what we put forward 'in remembrance' of him is to speak for itself, and no entreaty or representation is to be made to any human being. If this print of a jackass' hoof should last so long, it is rubbed out in a moment when our little campaign is over, by a well-considered few lines from William Jerrold to the *Times*, or from me if he would prefer it, simply stating the truth." So much for my delay. I may add on this head, however, that the "little campaign" at an end, a letter was addressed to the public journals, without having been submitted to the family. In this letter Mr. Dickens stated that had not the committee "thoroughly known and beyond all doubt assured themselves that their exertions were needed by the dearest object of Mr. Jerrold's love, their exertions would never have been heard of." I will simply give a few dates. My father died on the 8th June. On the morning of the 9th a gentleman deputed by Mr. Dickens and those with whom he was already acting waited upon me, and asked me whether I would consent to the "in remembrance" performances. I replied that there was no need whatever for them, so far as I knew, and that were there need, I remembered so vividly the horror my father had of anything like a public subscription, that I should still decline. I promised, however, to talk with the members of the family. On that evening, the 9th, I received a letter from the gentleman who had waited on me in the morning (I inclose you his name), still urging me to accept the kindness of my father's friends. In this letter—and I value it for the affectionate spirit in which it was written—the following passage occurs:—"Consider first that the proposition is one made by men who are incapable of suggesting anything that can by any possibility be unworthy of the occasion and of the memory of him whom we mourn. Secondly, whether your own position (I know you will pardon frankness at such a crisis) justifies you in declining for others what is offered in such an affectionate spirit." * * * "Whatever may be the condition of his (my father's) affairs—and the more prosperous they are the stronger is my argument—the addition which his estate will thus honourably acquire must promote the last and dearest wish of his heart." On this strict understanding, viz.: that nothing should be put forward of which I should not have previous knowledge, my assent was given on behalf of the family, for the performances. The title given to these performances, and the extracts I have ventured upon, sufficiently prove that they had no reference to the "need of the

family." More, dates show that they were undertaken before a single paper belonging to my father could have passed into the solicitor's hands. I now come, sir, to the statement which I published on the 7th of September, in which I asserted that my father left property, policies, library, etc., collectively worth something under £3,000. This is literal fact; and the only point Mr. Dickens offers against it is that, *since my statement was published*, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans have made a claim of £700 against the estate. There are other liabilities which will considerably reduce the amount, but there is £1,000 which is my mother's absolutely. More, there are dramatic copyrights. It is most humiliating to be thus driven before the public by ill-considered statements, no less than by the gross breach committed by Mr. Ashurst in giving Mr. Dickens permission to publish a letter declaring that the estate will be "absolutely" insolvent. This letter was given without the sanction of Mr. Ashurst's clients—actually before he had communicated to them anything like the intelligence of new claims.

It only remains for me to add, that when I made my former statement, one month ago, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans had made no claim, and to reiterate my previous assertion,—viz.: that my father's family declined everything like charity. I heartily thank the gentlemen who took part in the remembrance performances, while I regret that Mr. Dickens, who has considered me worthy to contribute to his journal during five or six years, should think fit to sneer at me on a false assumption, and discuss my private affairs in public journals. With this explanation I leave the matter finally to the judgment of the public.

I have the honour to remain, sir, your most obedient servant,
W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

12, Salisbury-square, Oct. 10, 1857.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has, through your columns, preferred against me the serious charge of a "gross breach of faith, in giving Mr. Dickens permission to publish a letter without the consent of my clients," pray give insertion to my statement that I gave Mr. Dickens permission to use my letter in the way he has used it, not only with the consent, but by the express wish of my clients, whose names I inclose, to whom my letter was written, and who are the gentlemen that have kindly undertaken the office of trustees to Mrs. Jerrold.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is not my client. His groundless charge against me I shall not further notice.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
6, Old Jewry, London, Oct. 6, 1857. W. H. ASHURST.

VERGISS MEIN NICHT.

Oh, think of your boy-lover, dearest
Though he be far away,
If ever perchance thou hearest
In after years his lay;
Think that the ray which kindled
His spirit was caught from thine,
That a mem'ry of thee is mingled
With the thought of his every line.
Oh! think of him still as the boy-bard
Who sang but for thee—
Not as the man, whose hopes marr'd,
Is pining o'er the sea;
Think of the time when yearning,
His glance was turned to thine,
Fixed as the Persian's burning
Gaze on the Fire Gods' shrine.
Oh, think of him thus for ever,
Who loved thee so well,
That none but the mighty Giver
Of life all can tell;
And he'll think of thee as a vision
Sent to quicken life's trance from above,
And waken his soul to its mission
Of teaching humanity love.

Mr. G. V. BROOKE has narrowly escaped a watery grave. While amusing himself on a raft, in the lake in Cremorne Gardens, Melbourne, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water; and had not a gardener run to his assistance, would, probably, have been finally extinguished.

THE SPIRITUAL WORTH OF MUSIC.

(From Dwight's Boston Journal of Music.)

(Continued from page 659.)

II.

It is not enough, then, to say that Music gives pleasure, or can occupy the mind agreeably. Pleasure is the satisfaction of a want. And the question is: what kind of pleasure does it afford? What want does it satisfy? There is pleasure in the gratification of an appetite—but there is a nobler pleasure which all men have in seeing or hearing expressed their own inmost dearest feelings and aspirations, in the simple utterance of those instincts and sentiments, which are eternal, and whose language, therefore, must be beautiful. We delight in anything that appeals to the holiest and best there is within us,—anything that realises, typifies, reflects that something which we cherish ever, but cannot express, until the beautiful in a scene of nature, a poem, a work of art, or a song, surprises us as being the fit expression of our very feeling, so that we cannot help thinking that we long ago and always had anticipated it, and should have produced it ourselves if we had only learned the craft of rhyming, or of colouring, or of composing harmony.

Music is one of the fine arts, which all minister in various ways, through various physical organs and senses, to the soul's everlasting want of the beautiful. No soul is wholly contented with the actual. The beautiful is all it finds in this world to soothe its discontent. There is something it can love; there is something it can trust; it can go out without reserve to meet it, for it is an emblem, at least, of all that in its deepest faith, in its silent longings, it had cherished. The beautiful in nature, or in a work of art, corresponds to that deepest want of ours, to which the actual world so seldom corresponds. The sight of beauty makes us more conscious of this inner want, of this ideal capacity of ours for something better, even for perfection; and it is chiefly this which prevents us from settling down into a mechanical, unprogressive, animal routine. But for the beautiful, we should not know that we are meant for anything better than we are. It may well be doubted if even conscience would tell us; that might stand over us as a task-master to warn us to do right; but we should neither love it, nor own its authority. The beautiful makes us yearn to be perfect; it makes us feel that heaven is our home, and cast about to make to ourselves a heaven. The beautiful, come in what shape it will, is something we can take home to us; it speaks to our heart of hearts. There is a certain mystery in it which we feel concerns us; we always are the ones spoken to, just as some portraits look at every one who comes into the room. No one who is completely entranced by a landscape, a picture, or a song, can doubt for a moment that here he is in his place; these things converse with his ideal nature. In this is the origin and the final cause of poetry and the arts, music among the rest. This is the secret of its spell. It reveals to the ravished listener so much within him—it whispers to him the possibility of embracing so much of the infinite world without him, that he owns the right of the sweet, albeit, the severe, influence to control him, follows the voice in the air through whatsoever thorny paths below, and evermore aspires to something nobler.

This ideal tendency in man, from time immemorial, created music along with poetry and all the fine arts. Music has this in common with them all, that they are all beautiful, and that they are all a language of thoughts, feelings, aspirations and ideals. It differs from poetry, in being vague—while poetry calls up more definite images by words. It differs from painting and sculpture in the same particular, and also by its being often a direct expression of emotions, feelings, which they never are. Music, through feelings, calls up the objects with which those feelings are associated; painting and sculpture, through objects, call up feelings. Music appeals at once to the feelings; these set the imagination to work, recalling or supposing scenes and images. Painting and sculpture appeal at once to the imagination; the scene or the form before us, then we feel. Music moves us, in order to describe. Painting and sculpture describe, in order to move us. A song draws tears of gratitude and fondest recollection, and instantly we think of the old cottage and the family circle. The painter paints us the old cottage, and instantly our hearts yearn to other days, and the tears of gratitude start to our eyes.

Let us now, therefore, consider music as to its power of expression. Music is one way of expressing ourselves. It is a language—as much so as words. Through it alone can we communicate to other minds much that we feel, enjoy, suffer, when words fail us. It is eminently the language of the heart, of emotions too delicate for verbal utterance. It is quicker understood than words. Words are more or

less arbitrary, and require to be learned before they mean anything—only fellow-countrymen can talk together. Music is a universal language: the same tones touch the same feelings the world over. Spoken languages address the understanding: when they would interest the feelings, they pass at once into the province of music—then it matters not so much *what* is said, as in *what tones* it is said. When an emotion would utter itself, words are nothing, tones are everything.

"For our divine affections, like the spheres,
Move ever, ever musical."

We instinctively recognise the peculiar notes of joy and anguish, triumph and despair, consolation, pity, and entreaty—they need no words to interpret them. These uniform and instinctive tones, modulations, cadences, rhythmic movements, smooth slides and abrupt starts of the voice are the original elements of music; art only uses its privilege to add to them beauty, or rather to combine them always with reference to a beautiful effect, and then they become music. Out of the natural, spontaneous utterances of human feelings and passions, combined with the love of the beautiful, music grew. There is a fine illustration of this truth in a passage from Carlyle's "French Revolution."

"Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men? hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? how their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Glück confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage in one of his noblest operas, was the voice of the populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their kaiser: 'Bread! bread!' Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their instincts, which are truer than their thoughts: it is the greatest a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows which make up this world of time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere beyond time."

For further illustrations of the fact that all our natural expressions of emotion range through regular musical intervals, greater or smaller according to the nature and intensity of the emotion, we may refer to that gossip and somewhat superficial, yet suggestive book, "Gardiner's Music of Nature," where this observation is fully verified by a great deal of ingenious research, and extended to the sounds of the whole animated world. He gives us the songs of birds and the cries of animals written down in musical notes. The minor mode in music is but a copy of the plaintive tones of grief, which, through lack of energy, falls ever short of the note it would reach.

The expressive power of music is as remarkable in instrumental music as in song—indeed, in some respects, more so. Instruments, having greater compass and flexibility, and, compared with average voices, greater purity of tone, can wind through the most subtle labyrinths of melody. Instrumental music, too, is freer. Unconfined by any verbal application to definite thought, the heart and the imagination revel in most adventurous excursions upon the "vasty deep." The feeling which is not fettered by a thought, is most likely to be universal, and if expressed in music, without words, will meet, perhaps, the widest response. Some of the sonatas of Beethoven, as we learn to appreciate them, fill us with the most profound emotion; they have all the mystery of some of the most thrilling poetry; they seem to express the deepest undefined yearnings of the soul. If we cannot readily and certainly conjecture their meaning, we instinctively catch their spirit; they win us to the mood in which they were written; the feelings they express are not of time, so that hearts in all times and places and circumstances are not excluded from a full response. It has been said that Beethoven, in some instrumental quartets written during his deafness, "anticipates the feelings of a future age."

For the same reason, in pathetic songs too much should not be unfolded in the words. In the union of poetry with music, the effect is lost if the poetry be not the simplest possible—if it be more than a single thought, a mere theme, just hinting the explanation of the curiously complicated melody, but no more, it clogs the free movement and deadens the charm of the music. Music claims always to be principal or nothing. Out of a few words it can unfold infinite meaning, but where the words are a discourse in themselves, there is more thought than feeling, and music is not at all in place. The charm of those old melodies, the songs and ballads of which we never weary, consists in the simplicity of their words, as much as in the beauty and pathos of the strain. In the songs in Handel's *Messiah*, we witness the same. In that song of songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," a few familiar lines, a single verse, just expressing the thought and no more, are expanded into several long strains of music. Hence the air is one unbroken outpouring of triumphant faith and gratitude and serene joy, the richer and the

fuller, that it has not to adapt itself to changing thoughts, but is left at liberty to follow the natural course of fervent feeling, and to cling with fondest repetitions to the one ever dear and holy theme. In these few simple words are contained all the deepest and most private feelings of the devout heart. What tender associations, what fond anticipations, what hopes and bright imaginings do they not represent? Those words would cease to be the signs of so much, where they multiplied—but music weaves around them an inexhaustible commentary, never offending by a too particular expression, but faithfully cherishing the mystery which may not be explained in words for the very reason that it means so much, and no heart would be satisfied with the explanation. Our heart's secret lies in words like these, so connected with our earliest religious feelings, and we dare not intrust it to the coarse, prosaic exposition of mere words, but thank the artist who has opened to us this more delicate vehicle of feelings, this sweet music, in which the heart may freely, truthfully confess, yet not expose itself. No less expressive and delicately true to all our associations with the words, is the air. "He shall feed his flock," and "Come unto him all ye that labour." What consolation does not that exquisite strain whisper to the anxious mind! When we open ourselves to that song, we are perfectly happy; it glides invisibly into the profoundest labyrinths of the breast, and unlocks all the fountains of joy and peace within us; it changes the whole aspect of things around us; everywhere we are met with smiles; we feel that we are no longer alone in the world, and yield ourselves with sweet resignation into the arms of Providence. Then we discover, perhaps, for the first time, how chaste, and pure and serene a state is that happiness, which we seek with such mistaken struggles of unhallowed, unquiet desire. All the preachings in the world may do less to teach us Christian resignation, than this song, which gives us a foretaste of the very feeling.

SONG.

(Which is Copyright.)

Lizzie, Lizzie, be content,
Do not this poor heart torment;
I with jealous fears am vexed,
Sadly puzzled and perplex'd.
If, love, you are jealous too,
What the devil shall I do?

When with fer'ish doubts I burn,
Do not doubt me in return;
Leave the jealousy to me,
Trustful and confiding be,
Since a double weight of care,
Lizzie dear, I cannot bear.

ORPHEUS.

THE LIGHT BEHIND THE WINDOW.

(FOR MUSIC.)

THERE'S no light in the window,
No light behind her window;
Ah me! how bright
Was that lone light
Which shone behind her window.
How many an hour, through many a night,
When wintry winds were blowing,
I've watched that taper's gladsome light,
Behind her window glowing.
But there's no light, etc.

There's no light in the window,
No light behind her window;
The light has fled,
The hope is dead,
The light has left the window.
But, though in vain I seek it there,
Where long I've seen it quiver,
That light, despite of time or care,
Shall fade from mem'ry never.
There's no light, etc.

T. D. A.

THE manager of one of the Liverpool theatres, with more promptitude than good taste, is playing a piece entitled *Nena Sahib; or, The Demon of the Ganges*.

MADEMOISELLE RACHEL.

(From the *Indépendance Belge*.)

THE health of Mdlle. Rachel, killed prematurely by certain newspaper correspondents, is a general topic of conversation in all possible classes. The truth of the matter is that her state is very grave, without, however, being such as absolutely to warrant us in despairing of it.

Mdlle. Rachel has been installed, for the last three weeks, at Cannet, near Cannes, in a house belonging to a warm-hearted and intelligent man, who offered her, with great delicacy, this mark of his hospitality, which is the more precious as she could not have found, for love or money, anything so well suited to her. Sheltered from every wind, and placed in a forest of orange trees, the house of M. S. was worthy of receiving an artist. M. S. was long the friend of David (of Angers), and his residence bears the marks of that sculptor's chisel all over it. This fact gave rise to the following incident. In the chamber of honour, at first set apart for Mdlle. Rachel, the tragic actress was deeply impressed by the melancholy attitude of a marble Polymnia, who, leaning over her bed, appeared to be weeping over a tomb. To put an end to such sepulchral ideas, the statue had to be removed into another room. The state of Mdlle. Rachel's health is very variable; sometimes a ray of the lovely sun of Provence seems to restore the great actress to life; with an energy somewhat febrile, and soon exhausted, she then goes into the garden; people smile on her and hope, but some fatal crisis or other always supervenes and discourages those around her. The great artist has received, in these parts, the warmest reception, and it is a singular thing to perceive that this glory of the stage should have shone in a hamlet on the extreme frontier of France, and touched even simple and uncultivated minds. Such, however, is the case, and, a fortnight ago, the country-people of Cannes came to the garden of M. S., to dance *farandoles* in honour of the illustrious patient. Unfortunately, in the very midst of these innocent sports, she was seized with sudden indisposition, and it was necessary to send all her visitors sorrowing away.

The last news is the best that has been received for some time. The patient had been able to receive a few discreet friends, to whom she listened, or with whom she even conversed or played a few games at cards.

Madlle. Rachel is assiduously attended by a medical man, justly esteemed all over Provence, for his talent and character, namely, M. Maure, formerly a representative in the two Assemblies of the Republic, and nephew of Isard, the famous and eloquent member of the Convention. She has with her some of her relations, besides her two children. The first, the young Alexander, the recognised son of a very high personage in the political world, has a tutor with him, and appears intended to be educated for an elevated social position. The second, Gabriel, will return to the College of St. Barbe, as soon as anything definite is known about Madlle. Rachel's health. It is said that the latter boy, less fortunate than his brother on the father's side, has been more especially remembered by his mother in her testamentary arrangements.

There is another subject of sorrow in the artistic world. Gounod, the author of *Sappho* and of the choruses of *Ulysses*, is a prey to mental perturbation. Even while in Italy, he showed signs of religious exaltation; as an artist, without being misunderstood, for his talent was very generally appreciated, he had met with some disappointments; a fatal predisposition of temperament appears more particularly responsible for the deplorable state into which he has fallen. It may be said, however, that the present time is remarkable for cerebral disorders.

M. GOUNOD is better. The violent symptoms have abated, and he has been allowed to see the members of his family.

HERR ANSTUTZ, a celebrated Viennese actor, has just received the knightly order of Franz Joseph from the Emperor of Austria. This fact is worthy of remark, since it is the first time that an actor in Austria has had an order conferred upon him; a cross, or a medal of good service having been previously the only marks of distinction bestowed.

LISZT AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF WILLIAM SAAR.

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

BERLIN, APRIL 18, 1857.—Just returned from my excursion to Frankfort, where I paid a visit to the pianoforte virtuoso, Hans von Buelow, and to some other well-known pupils and followers of Liszt. I inquired about Liszt; learned that he takes no pay for instruction; so of course he only takes pupils who have especial talent, and who please him otherwise. He is very sensitive too; if one calls on him, it will not do to say a word about instruction, he must only ask admission to his *matinées*. It requires some valour to approach him, since he is very moody; besides he has many scholars, has a great deal to do in his capacity of Court kapellmeister, composes a great deal, and is much taken up with his party, the Wagner-Liszt Berlioz movement. He is in correspondence with half the musical world; and I heard, too, that he was going to direct the Whitsuntide musical festival at Aix-la-Chapelle. I must make haste, therefore, if I would go to Weimar, since he will commence the rehearsals at Aix a fortnight beforehand, and when the festival is over, he will set out for the baths. I have sought for a letter of introduction, and probably shall get it; still I have the greatest anxiety, since it is a very precarious thing to depend upon the humours of a man. But courage!

MAY 8.—I shall receive to-morrow, from a friend, a letter of introduction to Liszt.

MAY 9.—While I was at Professor Dehn's, this morning, I informed him of my near departure, and he asked me: "Have you an introduction to Liszt?" "Not yet," I answered; whereupon he said: "I will give you one, if you wish. Come this evening, and get it." I had now two introductions in prospect. In the evening I go to Prof. Dehn, who says to me: "See here, my dear friend, I met to-day a person, with whom I spoke about you, and we talked the matter over; I think it better that I give you no introduction to Liszt, for it would do you more harm than good to be introduced by me, since I occupy an entirely opposite musical standpoint to that of Liszt. Personally we have been and still are the best friends; but, as you know, in all that relates to opinions and to schools, our relation to one another is that of cats and dogs, and the maxim of the Weimar party is: 'Who is not with me is against me;' neutrality is not recognised amongst them."—After a pause, Prof. D. continued: "If you go to Liszt introduced by me, and you find him in good humour, he will perhaps listen to you; but if he happens to be in a bad humour, he will say, perhaps: 'Prof. Dehn,—hem! old school—wears a queue—have no use for such people here. Now tell me, will you take the risk of an introduction from me? If so, I will write you one immediately; it is for you to choose.' I never found myself in such a dilemma: on the one hand to offend Dehn, on the other hand to injure myself. I reflected. (What he had just said to me, was what I had long known already, and this was the reason why I had never asked him for an introduction.) Then I said: 'Yes, Herr Professor, it is indeed a ticklish matter; I will think it over a little; at all events I am very grateful to you,' etc., etc.—And so I changed the subject, spoke of something else, took my leave, and appeared to have entirely forgotten the history of the letter of introduction.

MAY 10.—This afternoon I was at the house of my friend Draeseke, musical writer, critic and composer, and a follower of Liszt. I said to him: "Draeseke, you must give me a letter of introduction; you are on good terms with Liszt, and are, besides, my friend; so make no more ado about it; I do not need an introduction proper, I shall introduce myself; it is only on account of the awkward ceremony of presenting oneself and having to give one's whole autobiography, so that the man may know who I am; and after all he cherishes certain politic doubts about the identity of my person and the honesty of my purposes; I know nobody in Weimar who could recognise me; at last in despair I pull out my passport, exhibit it with rage, and he understands not a word of English—in short"—D. "When do you start?"—I. "To-morrow evening."—D. "This evening I will bring you the letter; I will write it at once."—I. "Good! in the meantime I thank you. Adieu!"

MONDAY, MAY 11.—*Donnerwetter!* Some one knocks—it must be early yet—I rub my sleepy eyes—look at the clock—half-past six. Knocks again. “Come in!” “Good morning, little Saar.”—“Good morning, big Draeseke. What’s the matter at this early hour; sit down.”—“Did you get the letter of introduction which I left here for you yesterday?”—“To be sure.”—“You must give it back to me. I was last night at the *soirée* at Buelow’s with fellows of our party, and I spoke of you, and told them, among other things, that I had given you the said letter. ‘Ah,’ cried Buelow, clapping his hands together over his head, ‘unlucky wight, what have you done? Take back the letter, or you will fall in Liszt’s regard, and so will the young man, for Liszt has declared, so many come to him with letters of recommendation, that it drives him to distraction; as he cannot possibly receive all who come so introduced, he offends the introducers, and he does not like to be taxed by everybody.’”—What was I to do? I gave him back the letter, since he said he would not on any account be guilty of any *faux pas* towards Liszt. Fye! shame on you, ye Lisztians! ye are the most servile, slavish-hearted people in the world! What has this man done for you? What has this Liszt done for the world, for art, that ye reverence him and worship him like a king, and bow down before him as if he were a god? Nothing, except that he is an amiable man, who fascinates and chains you by his personal qualities, his mind and his *arrogant modesty*. This last phrase is used by Robert Schumann in his musical writings, for example: “When a young or unknown composer says: ‘Such or such a Symphony, which I composed some time ago, I have thrown into the fire, because it did not please me’—it is a sort of modesty which compels you at least to say: Ah, what a pity! you should not have done so!” Somewhat such modesty has Liszt. I will not explain it further. His newest hobby is to esteem himself the greatest living genius for composition; this he has ridden now about two years; his latest compositions, to be sure, his “*Nine Symphonische Dichtungen*,” and his great *Mass* for chorus and orchestra, I do not know, but I esteem it a hobby nevertheless; for it is well known that Liszt, when Paganini appeared and excited a *furor*, had wholly retired from virtuosodom; but Paganini’s playing so excited him, that he began anew in Paris, and for three years practised so energetically, till he became the great hero of the keyboard that he now is. Just so when Richard Wagner struck off into his new dramatic and really remarkable direction, his works so inspired Liszt that he too sat down over scored paper, and lo!—he has conceived and brought forth—what? one can only tell who has himself heard it.

One cannot in these days rely upon the musical judgment of those who are otherwise most reasonable men; for all the musicians in Germany just now are crazy; everybody screams and scribbles, criticises and composes; every one thinks he knows what he will, every one storms and makes a noise, and no one knows wherefore. I often get confused myself, so that I ask myself, to what does all this lead? Is this true, which you say and think, or is it but a momentary illusion, or the influence of a strange element? Frequently I hear something (of course I speak only of more modern compositions), and I am pleased comparatively; I hear it again, and I find it really miserably made. I hear in Schumann* and Wagner the harshest dissonances, and it makes a monstrous, shudderingly sweet, mystical impression on me; and I hear a simple little melody of Mozart, and am moved almost to tears. Then there are times when I am seized by an irresistible desire to ridicule the illogical harmonic sequences of the one and the sheer tediousness and sentimentality of the other. But enough of this digression. To come back to facts: Instead of two letters of introduction I had now not one; yet I shall set out this evening.

MAY 12.—Arrived here to-day in Weimar. Called first on some pupils of Liszt, and on his secretary. Learn that Liszt is unwell, and not to be spoken with; with regard to an introduction and presentation to him, what I heard in Berlin was confirmed. I have also met here a singer, with whom I was at the Conservatoire in Leipzig. With him I passed the rest of the day, taking a view of Weimar and its environs.

* Why couple Schumann with Wagner?—Ed.

MAY 13.—Called on Liszt’s secretary, inquired about Liszt’s health, and explained my object. The secretary was friendly enough to tell me, that he would prepare L. for my visit, and bring me word when he would receive me. Actually he came two hours after to my hotel, and said that Liszt would see me that very day between three and four o’clock. With beating heart I made my toilet as elegant as possible, and was soon on my way. After all that had been told me, it cannot be wondered that I found myself in a state of most feverish agitation; but I manned myself with recalling my good mother’s words on such occasions: “He won’t bite your head off!” Liszt received me in a very friendly manner, in his study. After the first greetings, we sat down. I told him about my studies; about his friends and my friends in Berlin; gave him their greetings as a sort of legitimization of myself, and concluded in about these words: “Yes, Herr Doctor (he has received the title from a university), ever since my arrival in Europe, it has been my most earnest wish to come here, and I believe that I can nowhere complete my studies better than here, where your influence is so friendly and so elevating. Might I then hope, provided you are not displeased with me and my acquirements, that you will occasionally give me your kind advice about my studies? O do, pray do,” I said, in the most coaxing manner. He bent his head. There was a pause. I knew not what to make of his answer, which, diplomatically enough, was *no* answer. At last he began: “You know, the Princess” (with whom he lives, and to whom he is privately married) “is now very ill; it looks very gloomy here in the house; besides, I feel quite unwell myself. But come and see me again in a few days, and play me something. Next Sunday I have a *matinée*, a few friends and pupils come—I hope I shall see you then. Do you remain here so long?” “I shall go meanwhile to Leipzig, and pay my respects to you again on Saturday.” “Very well, I shall be glad to see you. *Adieu!*” And so the long-expected audience was ended. What should I do the next days here? I will set out in the morning for Leipzig, which is only two hours distant, to see my teachers and friends once more.

MAY 14.—This morning at five o’clock started for Leipzig. As I entered the place, a feeling almost of melancholy crept over me; the houses seemed to nod to me like old acquaintances; reminiscences of my first period of study came back again, which had made Leipzig dear as a second home to me. All my old acquaintances and teachers appeared very glad to see me once more, and yet all seemed changed—or was it I? But here, too, the old unrest came upon me, which had accompanied me on my whole tour; and the uncertainty about my fate in Weimar made me impatient till I got back there on Saturday.

MAY 16.—As soon as I arrived again in Weimar I went to Liszt; he was not to be seen; I must wait till the morrow, at the *matinée*.

SUNDAY, MAY 17.—To-day then, on my birthday, it will be decided: will this bring me good luck? At eleven o’clock I went to the *matinée*. Liszt received me again very friendly, introduced me to those present, friends, and pupils of his of both sexes. Music was made; pianist played; Liszt sat over them at the piano, directing in some sort, encouraging them, and giving here and there a hint during the performance; new compositions too were tried over; it looked more like a practising hour than like a *matinée*.

There was very good, indeed masterly playing, in a technical point of view; but much was not according to my taste; it was too French, too far-fetched, too much of contrast and striving for effect. At last he said: “Herr S. do you play something.” I begged him to make allowance for me, since I had played almost nothing for eight days, and seating myself at the piano, I played the B minor Scherzo (Op. 20) of Chopin, according to my previous conception of it. Liszt and those present applauded me; he said: “Bravo; very well played, only I should wish some little things differently rendered.” Thereupon he sat down at the instrument and played me a portion of the middle movement; it was in the manner already described, strong lights and shades, with which I had been so much struck in the other piano-players. As he said nothing further, I now asked him quite decidedly whether I might hope to be his pupil. He said: “You

see, I have already a great many pupils, and otherwise a great deal to do; and I am going to travel now for three months; but—come here in August, and be sure to call on me then." With that he took leave of me, vanished into another room, and the guests were left to themselves.—His answer seemed to me not definite enough; but as all the scholars congratulated me, and told me I was accepted, that one can never get any more definite reply from Liszt, that this is his manner, his court manner, I shall return here in August.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—This evening will be performed *THE LOVE CHASE*; after which, *MY SON, DIANA*; to conclude with *THE SWISS COTTAGE*. Commence at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, *DOMESTIC ECONOMY*; after which, *MY POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE*; to conclude with *FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN THE SEVEN DIALS*. Commence at 7.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Under the Management of Mr. CHARLES KEAN.—Monday and during the week, will be presented Shakspeare's Play of *THE TEMPEST*; preceded by *LIVING TOO FAST*.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, the performance will commence with *THE LIGHTHOUSE*; to be followed by *A SUBTERFUGE*; to conclude with *MASANIELLO*. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, SADLER'S WELLS.—This evening will be performed *LOVE'S LABOUR LOST*; to conclude with *AN ALARMING SACRIFICE*. Commence at 7.

MARRIED.

On the 8th instant, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Miss Catherine Hayes, to William Avery Bushnell, of Connecticut, United States of America.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17TH, 1857.

Paris, Oct. 15.

WHAT the winter may bring to light it is impossible to guess, but just now there is very little doing in the musical way. M. Meyerbeer is here, and the Hôtel du Danube besieged with inquiries. At present the illustrious composer of the *Huguenots* has two completed operas in his portfolio—the *Africaine*, which has grown so old, that the *Charivari* symbolises it in the form of a decrepid negress; and a comic opera, with three principal characters. Not long since M. Royer felicitated himself upon having secured the former, and M. Perrin exulted in the fancied possession of the latter. Both, however, were doomed to disappointment. M. Meyerbeer, it is true, may be seen, any day, walking on the Boulevards, between the Rue Lepelletier and the Rue Richepanse; but the key of his portfolio has been left at Berlin, hanging from the topmost branch of one of the "*linden*." M. Meyerbeer is as busy as a bee—only the rehearsals which he is superintending at the "*Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse*" have nothing whatever to do with the *Africaine*. A fiftieth "*revival*" of *Robert le Diable* is on the carpet, with the object of letting the public see and hear what Mad. Gavaert-Lauters can make of Alice. The *Africaine*, it would seem, is destined for a first lady and first gentleman difficult to find. There are many who point to Madame la Baronne de Vigier as the lady; but the wild Sophia, metamorphosed into an imaginary "*aristo*," has just been visited with a domestic affliction in the shape of a *fausse couche*; and even if her husband's family could be brought to sanction her return to the stage, it would be out

of the question for some time to come. Sig. Tamberlik is frequently suggested as the gentleman; but Sig. Tamberlik has renewed acquaintance with Russian amateurs,* so much to their gratification that he is not likely to abandon them again. After all, perhaps, the long-expected *Africaine* may inaugurate the resuscitation of the theatre in Bow-street. Who knows? M. Meyerbeer is original, and occasionally indulges in unexpected whims. Signor Maggioni, the poet, is doubtless ready; and, if we are not misinformed, on the last visit of M. Meyerbeer to London, the anxious musician was so satisfied with the Italian version of *L'Etoile du Nord*, that he expressed his approval in lively terms to Signor Maggioni:—

"And left him with a paper."

The Opéra-Comique, it is to be feared, has not much better chance than its big rival over the way. M. Meyerbeer's daughter is very ill; the doctors have ordered her to Nice, and there, during the winter, she will be tended by her parent. Meanwhile the frequenters of the larger theatre—*en attendant* the *Magicienne*† of MM. St. George and Halévy—are alternately regaled with the mediocre ballet of the *Corsaire*, the French adaptation of Verdi's thread-bare *Trovatore*, and M. Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*. Mad. Rosati pleases, as she can hardly fail to do, in the ballet; but there is really nothing to admire in the *Trouvère*, which, stripped of its Italian dress, becomes the very essence of dullness. The *Cheval de Bronze* is worth the risk of a channel-passage in the stormiest weather. The tone of *patronage* assumed by the Parisian critics in speaking of this admirable work is insupportable. Even M. Auber's friends and admirers apparently think themselves called upon to plead for, rather than to apostrophise him. But what can be expected from a city where the standard of musical criticism is regulated by the dogmatic common-places of M. Fétis, where such operas as *Guillaume Tell* and *Gustave III.*‡ failed, and the *Juive* is considered a finer work than the *Muette de Portici*? Of the *Cheval de Bronze*, however, I shall have more to say next week.

At the Italiens we have had nothing remarkable of late. Mario has been singing nobly in the *Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*, and is in higher favor than ever. Mad. Nantier Didée has captivated the Parisians as Maddalena in the last-named opera, which gave her a better chance of succeeding on her own account than Azucena, where she had to contend with the formidable impressions left by Viardot Garcia and Alboni—to say nothing of the much-puffed Mad. Borghi-Mamo. A *débutante*, Mdle. St. Urbain, has appeared three times in Gilda (*Rigoletto*), when the indulgence of the public even outweighed the prejudices of the Frezzolini clique, which is as clamorous in the absence as in the presence of its idol. Nevertheless, Mdle. St. Urbain has everything to learn (and a vast deal to unlearn) before she can lay claim to be called a singer, while the upper tones of her voice are wofully Verdi-bitten. As an actress, she exhibits both intelligence and feeling. Corsi's *Rigoletto* is a remarkable performance. The voice of this artist has departed to the tomb of the Abbadias, Albertinis, and others who sacrificed to the screech-owl of Bussetto; but the soul—Verdi-proof—has resisted; and, were it not for Ronconi,

* He lately appeared as Arnaldo, in *Guglielmo Tell*, with extraordinary success.

† In which, notwithstanding the preference avowed by the composer for Mdle. Marie Cruvelli, Mad. Borghi-Mamo is to be assigned the principal part.

‡ In which, according to M. Fétis, the composer never made a greater failure, never was more uniformly feeble!

I scarcely know what we should think of Sig. Corsi. He certainly was allowed no chance in London.

To-night, M. Belart makes his *débüt*, and Alboni her *rentrée*—the opera being *La Cenerentola*. M. Belart is the substitute for Sig. Giuglini, and represents in his person the enormous *débit*, which, according to Sig. Fiorentino and MM. Escudier, Mr. Lumley had paid into the treasury of the grievously chagrined Sig. Calzado. The plain fact is, that Sig. Giuglini, objecting to sing in the same theatre with Mario—wherein he showed his good sense—a compromise was effected between the two managers à l'amiable, and M. Belart accepted in place of the new favourite.

The real attractions of the Opéra-Comique, at the present season, are not new operas, but old operas. The revival of Nicolo Isouard's *Joconde*, a work which time cannot kill, is an event of far more interest to lovers of music than the appearance of such a weak production as *Don Pedro*. *Joconde* is a masterpiece. Its drama and its music are equally admirable, and M. Faure,* by his performance of the hero, has risen another step in the estimation of connoisseurs. Not less excellent is the prince of M. Mocker, who, though the small voice he once possessed is extinct, sings with so much taste and expression that it is scarcely missed, while his lively and genial acting recalls the best days of Chollet and Couderc. Boieldieu's *Fête du Village Voisin*, a composition of less importance, is nevertheless well worth hearing, as an example of that celebrated composer in his least ambitious mood.

Rossini is still at Passy, with health and spirits quite restored, although pestered with visits from indifferent people, he receives them all, and has a word or two for even some whom in his heart he probably commends to the Sepoys ("cipayes," as bores. The "Swan of Pesaro," however, cheerfully pays the tax upon greatness, and does not make an impregnable fortress of his house to all but privileged persons, or those who come on business, like some of his contemporaries. Moreover, Rossini transacts no business, the *dolce far niente* being the rule adopted for the remainder of his days; and his hardest labour is possibly that of reading so much of M. Jules Janin's Monday *feuilleton*, in the *Journal des Débats*, as not to seem wholly unacquainted with its contents, when his lively neighbour (who has built himself a house in Pump-st.,)† drops in for an hour's chat.

When the brilliant "publicist" bequeathes his next volume to the world, we shall find some strange things about music. "The Swan," in spite of himself, is always more or less of a wag, and J. J. (with a new book in hand) not much of a sceptic.

D.

It cannot be too well known that the disastrous fate of the Surrey Gardens Company was imminent from the day on which it was established. The insolvency which has so astonished the uninitiated was quite inevitable. If the funds of the company had been carefully handled instead of being recklessly squandered, we do not believe any other result would have followed than an ignominious bankruptcy. The Surrey Gardens Company was established on wrong principles and with insufficient capital. It undertook to carry out two distinct schemes, while quite unprepared to render justice to one of them.

Thus, the paid up capital of the company was £32,560, to meet the following outlay:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------|
| Purchase of lease | £14,000 |
| Construction of Music Hall | 19,678 |
| Preliminary expenses | 3,175 |
| Total | £36,853 |

By the time the gardens were opened there was a deficit of £4,293, upon the strength of which gigantic concert speculations were commenced. To provide the necessary funds, immediate recourse was had to a mortgage on the music hall to the amount of £14,000. At the end of the second season the company appears in the Bankruptcy Court, being in debt to the extent of several thousands.

These facts prove that, had the paid-up capital of the Company been double what it was, it would have been still too small for its extensive sphere of operations. Another truth is also discerned by this statement, that the concerts must have been unprofitable from the first; and further, that the annual cost of the gardens must have been too heavy to admit of being covered by the profits of a summer season of five months. We should not have anticipated any favourable result to the scheme, even had it been limited to speculations in concerts only, much less are we surprised then at its failure when it was united with the purchase of grounds and construction of buildings alone requiring double the amount of the Company's capital for their support.

It would be insulting to the common sense of the gentlemen who projected the Surrey Gardens Company to suppose they ever intended it should last more than two seasons. The funds were expended with a despairing recklessness very creditable to their sagacity, and quite in character with the worthlessness of their project.

WHILE the struggle between Mr. T. B. Simpson of Cremorne, and the vestrymen of Chelsea, was still pending, we took occasion to declaim, with such eloquence as was at our disposal, on the unsatisfactory state of the law, which allowed a gentleman, who had expended £30,000 in the honest hope of obtaining a fair return by amusing the public, to tremble for the safety of his property, merely because his trepidation would afford a pleasing spectacle to half-a-dozen parochial Jacks-in-office. The Chelsea vestrymen who opposed Mr. T. B. Simpson, were just of that wrong-headed class, whom it is dangerous to intrust with power; people who boast that, when they have made up their minds to effect a certain object, no revolution of impediments shall dissuade them from their purpose, proud as they are to mistake dimness of apprehension for heroic fortitude. Legal advice was asked by the Chelsea vestrymen, just as medical advice is often sought by some hypochondriac old lady, who is determined to go her own way, whatever her physician may counsel. With tears in their eyes did the lawyers advise the vestrymen to desist from their crusade against Cremorne, and warn them that a public body with a regard for its own reputation could not afford to lose in a contest about facts:—but all in vain. Like the men of the Andover Union, who, some years ago, earned themselves immortality by the device, "We wunt be beat," the Chelsea vestrymen, law-proof and reason-proof, went blundering on, running their heads against brick walls, when they fancied they were tilting against Mr. Simpson. Their defeat amounted to a rout followed by a massacre. On Friday last, the magistrates, seated in the Areopagus of Clerkenwell, after hearing the puny arguments of the vestry, to which even the voice and talent of Serjeant Ballantyne could not

* Who succeeded M. Bataille as Peter in *L'Etoile de Nord*.

† Rue de la Pompe.

give weight, granted an unconditional licence to the proprietor of Cremorne. He is totally uncurbed with respect to hours,—he may demolish every clock on his premises as a symbol of ignoble slavery that he has gloriously defied,—he may declare that Time, the destroyer of cities, cannot break up a Cremorne supper-party, or prevent it from stopping to breakfast. Nay, if by some freak of nature, we are favoured with a Lapland night six months long, in the coming year 1858, during the whole of that night may the portals of Thomas Bartlett Simpson remain open. So declares the voice of Hickes's hall—and the substance of the declaration is carried about London by the exultant shouts of triumphant "fast" gentlemen (and ladies) and the despairing shrieks of defeated vestrymen.

Why cannot we rejoice with an unmixed joy at this result, which, to the best of our little might, we aided in bringing about; for we flatter ourselves that the soft whisper of the *Musical World* was not altogether unheard by the Clerkenwell Areopagites? Why is there a smack of the rue in the champagne-glass which we empty in toasting the Cremorne victory?

Because Friday the 10th instant, while rendered illustrious by the defeat of the Chelsea Puritans, was blackened by one of the grossest acts of injustice that ever a sorrowing historian of his country's sins was compelled to record. The 10th of October, 1857, might have been a "glorious 10th of October," but there is a black spot upon it, that dims its lustre, and renders it a very sorry day indeed.

On this same Friday, the 10th instant, the proprietor of the Argyll Rooms, in Windmill-street, applied to the magistrates, who had just granted Mr. Simpson an unconditional licence, and was refused a license altogether. No question arose about hours—about the virtue of the early, or the vice of the late; but as Cremorne was unconditionally licensed, so were the Argyll Rooms unconditionally annihilated. Had they been pulled down and a plough passed over their foundations, they could not have been more completely blotted out than by the magistrates' refusal to renew that license for "music" and "dancing," to which all establishments of the kind owe their legal existence. No one doubts that these rooms were most respectably conducted; no one doubts that a large amount of capital was expended upon them to raise them to their present state of magnificence: of that sin of late hours, which is so especially abhorred by Chelsea saints, the proprietor of the Windmill-street Casino was wholly free. Nevertheless, it is found that the Argyll Rooms brought together a loose multitude, which became a dense multitude as it passed through the streets, after the breaking-up of the assembly, and therefore they are virtually razed to the ground. Cremorne may remain open all night—the Argyll Rooms may not open at all.

We do not wish to ignore the difference between these two establishments. Cremorne, though the Terpsichorean recreations hold a most important place among its attractions, likewise contains a variety of sober "sights," such as respectable family people love to contemplate. A marionette theatre, an equestrian circus, a harmless pantomimic ballet, a cosmorama, games of skill, at which nothing is lost beyond the halfpence that are paid for a right to play at them—these are things on which virtue may condescend to bestow an approving smile. Even the Chelsea saints found there was a side of Cremorne that they could not attack; and we doubt not that if the Gardens had existed in the days of the Barebones Parliament, the members of that legislative body would occasionally have gone up the Thames, grimly to shoot

at metallic hares and wild boars, and show the keenness of their marksmanship by "ringing the bull." We admit that none of these unquestionable enjoyments were to be found in the Argyll Rooms, which had no other attributes than those of a casino. But still, considering that Terpsichore was worshipped at both places alike, and by a mixed body of devotees, we contend there was no principle that could justify absolute license on the one side, and absolute annihilation on the other.

And here is the serious evil of which we complain—that the power by which licenses are granted to places of public amusement is regulated by no principle whatever. The risk of a man, who stakes all his property on the results of the "Derby," is as nothing compared with the hazard of the *entrepreneur*, who expends his capital in providing amusement for the public. The former may possibly have a friend who can put him up to the arcanæ of the turf, but no "Vates" can so much as hint what will be the decision of a magisterial board in any given October. Where there is no objection on the part of the parochial authorities, a license will indeed be granted as a matter of course, but from what quarter the opposition may rise, or what attention may be paid to the opposition by the dictators of Hickes's Hall, no one can possibly conjecture.

Cremorne unconditionally licensed, and the Argyll Rooms unconditionally closed, by the decree of the same body of magistrates on the same day; when there was parochial opposition in the case of both! A result so utterly at variance with anything like a principle, shows a state of things altogether inconsistent with that security of property, which it is the boast of Great Britain to maintain inviolate.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Contrary to what has been already announced, M. Jullien's concerts commence at the great theatre in the Haymarket on the 30th of the present month. Madlle. Jetty Treffz, the *Lieder Sangerinn par excellence*, and whose "Trab, trab" has gained her a well-merited popularity, has been secured for the entire series. M. Jullien is never idle. He has been for some time making vigorous preparation for the approaching campaign, and has composed several new *morceaux*.

CAPELMEISTER LISZT proposes, with the assistance of Herr Milde, Fluger, Bossmann, and some others, to found a Musical Conservatorium in Weimar.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Monday evening, the London Sacred Harmonic Society commenced its winter season at Exeter Hall with Handel's oratorio *Belshazzar*, preceded by Dr. Elvey's Worcester Festival anthem, "Sing, O heavens!" The principal vocalists were Miss E. Hughes, the Misses Wells, Mrs. Cummings, and Mr. Lawler. The orchestra was assisted by some of the leading professors of the day; the chorus was efficient. Mr. Surman, as usual, was at his post as conductor.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET.—This distinguished pianist has been making an extended tour on the continent. At Baden-Baden he played Mendelssohn's quartet in B minor, assisted by MM. Sivori, Jaquart, and another, Weber's polacca in E, and a study of his own composition; in all of which he was enthusiastically applauded. M. Billet proceeds to Lyons, to give two concerts, from thence he goes, *via* Paris, where he will give two "recitals," to Amsterdam, La Haye, Rotterdam, and returns to England about Christmas. M. Billet is engaged to play at the "Felix Meritis" Concerts.

BRIGHTON TOWN HALL.—Mr. Tonners Rolfe gave his "Gossiping Concert" before the members of the Mechanics' Institute, on Thursday last. The hall was crowded, the entertainment novel, and the excellence of Mr. Rolfe's singing sent his audience home in great good humour.

LEMBERG.—The theatre has been well attended lately. Herr Reichardt has been "starring" in the *Huguenots*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Lucresia Borgia*. The following operas are in preparation:—*La Dame Blanche*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Fidelio*, and *Don Sebastiano*.

DRAMATIC.

HAYMARKET.—On Tuesday evening Miss Amy Sedgwick appeared as Constance, in the *Love Chase*, and, contrary to general opinion, which naturally inferred that success in a serious part like Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons* implied failure in light comedy, achieved a triumph, and elevated herself many steps in public estimation. If in Pauline, Miss Amy Sedgwick appealed to favour by following at a modest distance in the wake of Miss Helen Faucit, in Constance she challenged direct comparison with Mrs. Nisbett, and did not lose by the closest approximation with the celebrated original of the character. She possesses indeed every requisite for elegant comedy. Her features are handsome and expressive, her figure slight and extremely elegant, her deportment graceful and striking, her actions and attitudes always easy and natural. She is in short one of those pleasing sights on the stage which the eye delights to follow or dwell upon, never wearied with the gazing. Her talents are still more remarkable. She has immense animal spirits and exquisite feeling; can assume lightness, buoyancy, and exhilaration, and keep all within due bounds. She never exaggerates, and her acting, lively or grave, is invariably genial and impulsive. Her voice is strong, her pronunciation distinct, and her laugh ringing and from her heart. Her laugh, however, if as hearty, is perhaps not as musical as Mrs. Nisbett, a little throatiness in the quality of the voice being the only real fault we can discover in her. The effect such an actress produced in such a part may be readily surmised. A more brilliant success has not been achieved at the Haymarket within our memory, and we may cordially congratulate Mr. Buckstone on having picked up so rare a gem after years of futile scratching on so many theatrical dunghills. The success of *The Love Chase* has almost entirely clouded that of *The Lady of Lyons*; and all those who have seen both performances, are surprised Miss Amy Sedgwick did not select Constance for her *début*. Query—might not the reservation of her best character for her second representation have been a shrewd stroke of policy on the part of the actress? Sheridan Knowles's comedy was, on the whole, well supported. Mrs. Marston, from the Sadler's Wells Theatre, who appeared, by permission of Messrs. Phelps and Greenwood, was most admirable in the Widow Green, and came up to our highest notion of the character. Mr. Howe filled out the part of the rough yeoman Wildrake with becoming bluntness; and Mr. Chippendale cut more than a respectable figure in the amorous old knight, Sir William Fondlove. The serious characters—Lydia and Master Waller—so disagreeable in themselves, and so fatal to the progress and effect of the comic plot, were sustained by Mrs. Buckingham White, who made her first appearance, after a long absence, and Mr. W. Farren. The greatest applause followed the descent of the curtain, and Miss Sedgwick was recalled, and received with unbounded delight. Mrs. Marston had also to appear to a general summons.

PRINCESS'S.—The theatre opened for the winter season on Monday, with the *Tempest* and the farce of *Living too Fast*. The interior has undergone great alterations during the recess, and has been newly painted and redecorated throughout. A very splendid act-curtain, the prominent figure on which is Shakspeare, has been added, and the theatre now bears a most brilliant and elegant appearance. The performance of the *Tempest* was as complete and admirable as ever, and the audience—almost as fashionable as in the heart of the season—no less enthusiastic. Mr. Charles Kean was received with distinguished applause, and all the artists came in for their share of public favour. Monday was the forty-sixth representation of Shakspeare's play, which, to all appearance, is now only in the nonage of its success. The *Tempest* was preceded by the farce of *Living too Fast*, rendered extremely mirthful by the hilarious acting of Miss Murray and Mr. Walter Lacy.

SOUTH KIRKBY.—On the 30th ult., Mr. Thomas Harrison, teacher and leader of the South Kirkby Sax-Horn Band, was presented by the committee (Mr. Geo. Reynolds officiating in the chair), with a euphonium soprano sax-horn, with revolving valves, as a mark of respect for his much esteemed and unwearied services, gratuitously conferred upon them.

RÉUNION DES ARTS.—The winter season commenced on Monday evening, instead of Wednesday the 7th, the Fast Day necessitating the postponement. The rooms were tolerably full. Herr Goffrie prepared a very good selection of music, although he might have inaugurated the season with some more classical, if not brighter, name than that of A. Schmidt, whose trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, though excellently played by Herr Gollmick, Herr Goffrie, and M. Paque, did not throw the audience into ecstasies. Haydn's quartet for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, was the gem and instrumental success of the concert. Of the solo performances, we would specially notice Herr Adolph Gollmick's brilliant execution on the pianoforte of two of his own compositions—"Abschied" and "Dripping Well"—both of which are extremely elegant and graceful, were immensely liked, and loudly applauded. Mr. John Day's performance on the violin of Ernst's "Il Pirata" fantasia was clever, if not extraordinary. M. Paque played a solo on the violoncello like a master. The vocalists were Miss Theresa Jefferys, Mad. Borchardt, and Herr Richard Dick. The lady first named has greatly improved of late, and sang Mozart's "Dove sono" with much feeling and expression. Mr. Frank Mori was the conductor.

PARIS.—At the Italiens, *Rigoletto* was the second opera, and introduced Mdle. St. Urbain, or de St. Urbain, as she is variously called, in the character of Gilda. The *débutante* appears to have created a favorable impression, but has not achieved the wonders expected from her. Her voice, which exhibits already symptoms of fatigue, is light and flexible, her style pure, her execution neat and finished, and her manner agreeable—a vocalist, in short, of the Mdle. Nau school, more suited to the Opéra-Comique, or the Théâtre-Lyrique, than the Italian Opera. Mdle. St. Urbain received every encouragement from the audience, but there was no enthusiasm. Friends and well-wishers were more abundant than admirers. Sig. Corsi was a powerful representative of the jester. Made. Nantier-Didiée was unexceptionable in the part of Maddalena, and in this character entirely satisfied the aristocratic and somewhat exacting subscribers to the Bouffes. The secondary parts were but indifferently supported. The band and chorus, however, was as capable and efficient as ever.—At the Grand-Opéra, Mdle. Rosati made her *rentrée* in the *Corsaire*. Mdle. Fanny Genat, a *danseuse* from the Marseilles theatre, made her first appearance the same evening in *Gulnare*. Mdle. Zina Richard, about whom there is considerable talk just now in artistic salons, was to have debuted in the *Cheval de Bronze*, but the opera had to be postponed in consequence of the illness of Mdle. Marie Dussy. Mdle. Gavaert-Lauters was announced to appear as Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, for the first time, and, according to the *France Musicale*, M. Meyerbeer has considerably *remanié* the music of the character, to adapt it to the means of the young *cantatrice*. We can hardly give credit to this, and believe that the composer has too good an opinion of his music to interfere with it in any way. Jenny Lind considered it perfect enough, or she would hardly have selected Alice for her first performance in London. If Mdle. Lauters find the music beyond her capabilities, she cannot be the singer, or have the talent, her friends give her credit for.—At the Théâtre-Lyrique a new comic opera, in one act, entitled *Maître Grifard*, words by M. Mestépès, music by M. Delibes, has been produced. The music was more worthy than the poem. M. Delibes was a pupil of Adolph Adam.—The receipts of the different theatres in Paris during the month of September show a considerable increase over those of August. The amount of the latter reached the sum of 1,117,189 frs. 35 cents; while the former realised only 720,871 frs. 80 cents, making a difference of 396,317 frs. 55 cents in favour of September.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The season has been a very gay one, and music quite in the ascendant. The compositions of English composers have been quite the vogue with the military bands. Among the most favourite pieces played has been the "Pelissier March," of Mr. Aguilar, which may be remembered as being so popular last season in London, when it was played at the palace, M. Jullien's, and the Amateur Society's concerts. It is very much liked here, and is capitally played by the band of the Linien-Militair, under Herr Wachsmann.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

This theatre, having been closed for seven weeks for the purpose of complete re-embellishment, opened on Monday last, when the *Tempest* was resumed with the same powerful cast and magnificence of detail which has ranked this beautiful creation of Shakspeare's fancy amongst the most extraordinary triumphs of Mr. Kean's managerial career. The houses have been crowded throughout the week. The new decorations are of the most brilliant and tasteful description, and the act-curtain, by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, may be pronounced equal to anything that has heretofore been executed by these eminent artists. Mr. C. Kean's reception on the first night was most enthusiastic. He was loudly called for at the end of the first act, and again at the termination of the play. Such a flattering commencement argues most auspiciously for the progress of the season.

BRADFORD.—(From a Correspondent).—The shareholders in the existing St. George's Hall Company, and the subscribers for the preference shares in the intended new company (limited), held a meeting on Tuesday last. The Mayor of Bradford (H. Brown, Esq.) presided. Your readers will recollect that, many months ago, it was found necessary, in order to save St. George's Hall from the hands of the auctioneer, to issue preferential shares to the amount of £16,000. Great difficulty was experienced in finding subscribers, notwithstanding the arrangement that, unless the whole of the £16,000 shares were taken up, those subscribed for would not be binding. By dint of great exertion, however, we are pleased to say that the shares are now all taken up, and, in addition, two gentlemen (Messrs. Harris) have given £100 each as donations. During the meeting, it was stated that the nominal preference share capital is £20,000, of which £16,000 has been subscribed, and that the amount of capital paid up on the original shares is £15,080. The new (limited) company will absorb the old one, and a preference shareholder will be entitled to receive annually, out of the profits, as a first charge, a dividend at the rate of five per cent.; the owner of an original share, as a second charge, a dividend of five per cent.; and the residue of any after profits will be divided rateably between the holders of original and preference shares. In the event of the profits of the company in any one year being insufficient to pay the dividend on the preference or original shares, the deficiency on such shares will be extinguished, and is not to be claimed as a debt against the company. The directors were, at the close of the meeting, authorised to take the necessary steps for registering the new company.

CHATHAM.—A concert, under the direction of Mr. Charles Salaman, was given by the members of the Chatham and Rochester Mechanics' Institute, on Thursday evening, the 8th inst., to celebrate the opening of the new lecture hall. The vocal performers engaged were Mad. Gassier, Miss Leffler, Mr. Tennant, and Mr. J. L. Hatton. The instrumentalists were M. Ries, violin; and Mr. Salaman, who not only presided at the pianoforte, but performed, in his best style, his romance "La Notte Serena," and his popular "Saltarello." The programme, although it offered no feature of novelty, was well selected. Madame Gassier's brilliant vocalisation delighted the audience, and Mr. Hatton's comicalities elicited shouts of laughter. Mr. Tennant obtained a well-merited encore, and Miss Leffler, by her pure intonation and modest bearing, gained the attention and hearty applause of her hearers. The assembly was numerous and select. The concert was attended by many officers of high rank, whose military attire imparted to the hall a brilliancy and gaiety to which we are but little accustomed in this country, except in garrison towns. We perceive, by the list of lectures announced for delivery before the members of the Mechanics' Institute, that Mr. Charles Salaman's interesting lecture on the "History of the Pianoforte and its Precursors" comes off on the 20th inst.

STALEYBRIDGE.—The first concert this season of the Philharmonic Society took place in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, the 5th inst. The principal vocalists were Miss Banks and Mr. Buckland; and the instrumentalists, Mr. Henry Blagrove, Mr. Aylward, and Mr. B. Blagrove. The orchestra, which is much increased this season, was conducted by Mr. J. Marsden.

STIRLING, SCOTLAND.—An evening concert took place at the Court House on the evening of Thursday, October 8th, under the patronage of the provost, the magistrates, Colonel Mullar, and the officers of the garrison. The room was crowded (inconveniently so), and the reserved seats were filled with the officers, their ladies, and families, which gave the room a very lively appearance. The artists who appeared were Miss McAlpine, Miss Margaret McAlpine, and Miss Grace Alleyne, Mr. Husk, and Mr. G. Cooke, as vocalists; Mr. Allwood, violin; and Mr. A. W. Banks, pianoforte. Miss Alleyne was encored in two of her songs, "Lo! here the gentle lark," and "Auld Robin Gray." The Misses McAlpine were likewise complimented in both their duets, "Within a mile o' Edinbro' town" being replaced by "Annie Laurie," and S. Glover's duet, "The Rhine Maidens," being repeated. Miss McAlpine received a loud encore for "Bonnie Prince Charlie," which she repeated; and Miss Margaret McAlpine had to appear and sing a second time her Italian song, "Libiamo," of Verdi. Mr. Allwood in his violin solo, Mr. Banks in his pianoforte fantasia, and Mr. G. Cooke in his comic song, were obliged to repeat them. The concert gave the greatest satisfaction to all present, and is (by general request) to be repeated before the artists quit Scotland.

PRESTWICH.—The opening of the organ at St. Margaret's Church, took place on Sunday, the 4th inst., in the presence of the Earl and Countess of Wilton, and the distinguished guests now visiting the noble earl and countess at Heaton Hall. Mr. J. W. Elliott, late organist of St. Luke's, Cheetham, was chosen by his lordship to preside on the occasion. On the following evening, Mr. Elliott had the honour of performing a varied selection of operatic and other music upon the Earl of Wilton's private organ at Heaton.

LEEDS.—On Saturday last, the second People's Concert was given in the Music Hall, when a full audience attended. The artists were Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, Miss Banks, Mr. H. Buckland (vocalists); Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, and Mr. Aylward (instrumentalists). Mr. Spark conducted. The principal features in the miscellaneous programme were "Che farò," sung by Mrs. Lockey; "The anchor's weighed," by Mr. Lockey; "Lo! here the gentle lark," by Miss Banks; Mr. H. Blagrove's violin solos; and Mozart's pianoforte quartet in G minor (accompanied) by Mr. Spark, Messrs. H. and R. Blagrove, and Mr. Aylward. Miss Banks is a new candidate for Yorkshire honours, and both here and in Bradford (where she sang last Monday) she has made very favourable impressions.

FARNWORTH.—The new organ, built by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, of Manchester, for the Independent Chapel, Farnworth, was opened on Wednesday afternoon, the 7th inst., when a sermon was preached by the Rev. Watson Smith, of Manchester. Mr. Beswick, of Manchester, presided at the organ. The organ is a very powerful and excellent instrument; it contains two rows of keys. The great organ (compass C to F in alto) contains the following stops: Open diapason, stopped diapason bass, stopped diapason treble, keraulophon, principal, flute, twelfth, fifteenth, sesquialtra, trumpet, and clarinet. The swell organ (compass tenor C to F in alto) contains bourdon, open diapason, stopped diapason, principal, fifteenth, mixture, cornopean, hautbois, and clarion. The pedal organ (compass CCC to E, twenty-nine notes) contains grand open diapason (16 ft.) Couplers, swell manual to great, great manual to pedals, and great tremulant to the swell. There are four combination pedals. It is intended that the organ shall be blown by the new patented water-power.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The stewards of the late Musical Festival met at the Guildhall on Monday the 5th inst. Present—The Right Rev. the Bishop of Worcester, in the chair; the Right Hon. the Earl of Beauchamp, Rev. Canon Lewis, H. J. Hastings, T. L. Wheeler, S. Baker, J. Whitmore Isaac, P. H. Pepps, E. Vernon, T. B. Vernon, and E. Winnington, Esqs., and the Honorary Secretary, the Rev. R. Sarjeant. From the statement of the accounts produced, it appeared that no portion of the guarantee fund was required, and that the deficiency would be met by a call of £11 15s. from each steward. Earl Beauchamp then moved, and the Rev. Canon Lewis seconded, a resolution, conveying the best thanks of the stewards to the hon. secretary, the Rev. Robert Sarjeant, "for the courtesy, zeal, and ability, with which the arrangements of the Musical Festival were conducted by him, and to which the success of the Festival must in a great degree be attributed." On the motion of Mr. J. W. Isaac, seconded by the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, the meeting also expressed its entire satisfaction at Mr. Done's management as conductor, and awarded him its praise for the skill and able manner in which the performances were conducted by him. The amount already collected for this noble charity is £1,020 17s. 6d., besides which a very handsome addition is expected.

DISCOVERY OF AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF MOZART.

(From the *Blätter für Musik*.)

ON his road to Italy, whither he set out with his father on the 12th December, 1769, W. A. Mozart stopped at several large towns, such, for instance, as Innsbruck, Roveredo, Verona, and Mantua, for the purpose of giving concerts. He arrived at Verona in the beginning of January, 1770, and the members of the aristocracy there vied with each other in manifesting their high opinion of him by means of invitations and other marks of respect. Among Mozart's admirers was Signor Pietro Lugiatto, receiver-general of Venice, who conceived such an affection for the boy that he asked the father's permission to have a portrait painted of him. It is clear from a letter written by the father (*Nissen's Biography of Mozart*) that the picture was actually painted on the 6th and 7th January, 1770. In a Veronese newspaper of the 9th January, there appeared an account of the success of a concert given in the rooms of the Accademia Filarmonica, as well as a notice of the portrait painted for Signor Lugiatto. Lastly, there is a letter, of the 22nd April, 1770, from Pietro Lugiatto to Mozart's mother, in which he expresses his delight at possessing the picture. On their journey back, in 1771, the two Mozarts, father and son, resided at Lugiatto's house in Verona, as, also, in August, 1771, at the commencement of their next Italian journey.

These hints could not escape the notice of Mozart's admirable biographer, Herr Otto Jahn, and, as we possess but very few original portraits of the incomparable composer, it was only natural that Herr Jahn should attempt to discover the picture in question. He was of opinion it had been painted for the Accademia Filarmonica in Verona. He got some friends of his there to make inquiries, the only result of which was the information that a great number of pictures were lying, in a state of confusion, in a loft of the house belonging to the Society, but that it was not known whether Mozart's portrait was among them.—(*W. A. Mozart*, by Otto Jahn, vol. i., p. 186).

The failure of this attempt incited me to make another effort, and undertake a more minute search. I felt the more called upon to do this, as Herr Wilhelm Böcking, Imperial Sections-Rath, in Verona, was a friend of mine, when we were both boys, and, by his position and circle of acquaintances, as well as by his partiality for music, struck me as particularly fitted to conduct the business. He did so with the greatest alacrity; he searched all the rooms of the Accademia Filarmonica, finding many half mouldy, disfigured or injured portraits, but not one which could be considered the portrait after which he was looking. He heard, meanwhile, that, during the foreign invasions, and other troublous times, many portraits had been entirely destroyed and others carried off, and that, consequently, the portrait of Mozart might still be in the possession of some private person.

On this supposition orders were issued and measures taken. The result was that, in the beginning of November, 1856, the possessor of the picture sent word of the fact, through the medium of a third person, and offered to sell the painting to my friend. After the latter had convinced himself of its genuineness, both by going to see it and by having it examined by a distinguished German painter who happened to be in Verona, I was informed of the fortunate discovery, and obtained possession of the picture by purchase. It was, generally speaking, in good preservation, and, after being brought to Vienna, needed, when perfectly cleaned, very little restoring.

The portrait is painted in oil, somewhat less than life-size, and represents Mozart seated in a carved arm-chair at the piano, and playing a piece of music that can be plainly read. The figure is placed somewhat to the left of the spectator, while the piano is on his right; but the clever and youthfully merry face is turned towards him. Mozart has got on a red full-dress coat, ornamented with gold, and the little finger of the right hand is decorated with the well-known brilliant ring, supposed by some superstitious persons to have been a talisman. On the piano, and above the key-board, where the maker's name is generally placed, are the words: "Joanni Celestini Veneti, MDLXXXIII." If this date is not a joke or an error, the pianofortes of that

time must have been far more durable than those of the present day.

The gilt frame is narrow, but beautifully carved in the old fashion. Underneath it, right in the centre, is a white shield, with a gold edge, bearing the following inscription in lapidary characters:

Amadeo Wolfgango Mozarto Salisburgensi
puero duodecenni

in arte musica laudem omnem fidemque prætergresso coque nomine Gallorum
Anglorumque regibus caro

Petrus Lujatus hospiti suavissimo
effigiem in domestico oedeo pingi curavit, anno MDCCLXX.

Could any doubt arise as to the authenticity of the picture, it would be entirely dispelled by this inscription, to which Lugiatto refers in his letter (*Nissen*, p. 193). Moreover, the likeness to the known portraits of Mozart, at the age of seven, is something striking; only the features are more developed, and have attained greater length. The age of twelve, given on the inscription, is an error, as Mozart was then already fourteen. This mistake, which Mozart's father expressly mentions in a letter of the 11th January, 1770 (*Nissen*, p. 162), was occasioned by erroneous statements in the newspapers. It is, however, plain, from the purport of the inscription, that Lugiatto had the picture painted not for the Accademia Filarmonica, but for his own domestic museum, which accounts for the researches in the Accademia having been fruitless. The abolition of the Venetian Republic, in whose service Lugiatto was, renders it probable that he himself, or, at least, his family afterwards left Verona, and, under the circumstances, Mozart's portrait, together with other articles of household furniture, may have fallen into the hands of strangers.

As I am now happy enough to possess this picture, the only original portrait of Mozart in Vienna, I hereby inform the admirers of the great master of my fortunate discovery, and will take care that it shall not again be allowed to fall into oblivion.
Vienna, 1857. DR. LEOPOLD SONNLEITHNER.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The opening of the Italian Opera, otherwise the Grand Imperial Theatre, took place on the 16th of last month. Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* was the opera, the parts of the hero and heroine being sustained by Sig. Mongini and Mad. Biscaccianti, both *débütantes*. The lady, well-known for many years in the different theatres of Italy as a singer of skill and taste, was moderately successful. The new tenor created a decided impression. His voice is powerful, of more than average compass and of pure and charming quality. He has something yet to learn as a vocalist, but he has plenty of stuff in him to make a great artist, and it will be his own fault if he do not arrive at that wished-for goal. The malediction scene was not so effective as when sung by Mario, or Giuglini, but the fault lay in excess, not in feebleness, and exaggeration may be pardoned in one so young as Sig. Mongini. In fine, I think the new tenor would be cordially welcomed in London, where everything good is immediately detected and acknowledged. Sig. Bartolini, who appeared at the Royal Italian Opera some years ago, sustained Tamburini's part, Henry Ashton. He sings infinitely better than he did in London, and is now altogether an excellent barytone—one of the rarities of the modern lyric stage. The second opera was *I Lombardi*, in which Mdle. Lotti, an immense favorite at St. Petersburg, created a powerful impression in Giselda. Why this lady, with a magnificent voice and tremendous energy, was never summoned to London surprises everybody who hears her. She is by no means a perfect singer, but, since Sophia Cruvelli left the stage, I am satisfied no one can sing Verdi's music like La Lotti. Moreover she is greatly improved within the last few years, and has almost entirely got rid of some defects which were detrimental, in a great measure, to her singing. Signor Mongini more than confirmed the favourable impression he made in *Lucia* by his performance of *Orontes*. He created a *furor* in the famous song "La mia letizia," and was rapturously encored. Signor Debassini appeared in the same opera. Signor Tamberlik and Madame Bosio are shortly expected. More operas of Verdi's are announced as likely to

be added this season to the repertory of the theatre. These are *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, *Luisa Miller*, and the last production but one of the composer's, *Simon Boccanegra*. The ballet at the Grand Theatre will be more brilliant than ever. I send you a list of the principal dancers, as a curiosity of nomenclature, which will puzzle your compositors to put in type, and your subscribers, if they read them, to pronounce. First and foremost, there is the ravishing Nadejde Bagdanoff, who has already appeared and achieved thunders in *Giselle* and *Gazelda*. Following in the wake of the lady of the pronounceless name, come Mesdles, Lebedeff (who lately came from Moscow, and stormed the city in *Esmeralda*), Picounova, Mouravieva, Amosoff, Radina, Koscheva, Liadova, and "others of twelve consonants a-piece," not forgetting Mdle. Zina Richard, who is now about to appear at the Grand-Opéra in Paris, and Madame Petipas, whose name is euphony itself in comparison with her *con-sœurs*. At the Théâtre-Français, Mdle. Mila created a great sensation in *Les Comédiennes*.

BACH'S SONATAS FOR THE VIOLIN.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

J. S. BACH wrote for the violin six sonatas without any accompaniment whatever. Compared with his compositions for the pianoforte, they are very little known, although they are a perfect musical treasure, and, despite certain difficult portions, belong to those compositions in which the peculiar genius of the master is exhibited so wonderfully, as the compass and nature of the instrument limited, in an extraordinary manner, the polyphonic style, which, in this instance, he neither could nor would abandon. The six sonatas contain thirty-two movements, of which, however, by far the most (even to three-part fugues) are fully worked out and of considerable length, displaying an inexhaustibly rich store of fancy. It is true they are very difficult to play, and we cannot help feeling considerable respect for the violinists of those days, if they mastered them. More than five-and-twenty years ago, I heard most of them played by one of Spohr's most distinguished pupils, Probst, then Dual Concertmeister at Dessau, who executed them—especially, for instance, the adagio and the grand fugue in C minor from the Sonata No. 1—most admirably, not merely playing them through, for he was so much master of all the difficulties, that the effort to overcome them did not in the slightest interfere with his mental conception and rendering of the composition. Subsequently, violinists preferred tormenting themselves with Paganinian *Etudes*, to the study of old Sebastian; most of them, probably, scarcely knew that something already existed which united brilliancy of technical execution with the true musical subjects for their instrument.

Of late years, Mendelssohn and Schumann once more directed attention to Bach's violin compositions. Mendelssohn, as we know, wrote a pianoforte accompaniment to the Ciaconna, and people then, at least, heard it again; sometimes very well played, by Joachim, for instance; nay, it became, for a time, the fashion, so that even very mediocre fiddlers ventured to attempt it. But Bach's sonatas contain many other pieces, in which a violinist of elevated sentiment might display his powers to advantage, and which would, perhaps, prove more attractive for the general public than the Ciaconna. In our opinion, however, they ought to be played as Bach wrote them, that is to say, alone, and without any accompaniment. Let any one attempt this only once, in musical circles, with some of the shorter pieces, such, for instance, as the *adagio* and *siciliano*, from the G minor Sonata; there is no chance of his not being successful.

The author of the edition of these violin-sonatas arranged for the piano alone, which now lies before us with the following title, has quite another object in view:

J. S. Bach's Six Violin-Sonatas for the Pianoforte alone, arranged by Carl Debrois van Bruyck. Leipzig, published by Fr. Kistner. Price of the whole, 6 thalers, 15 neugroschen. Each part separately, 1 thaler—1 thaler 10 neugroschen. (The violin-parts are printed in a complete form with the above, for the sake of comparison.)*

* J. S. Bach's 6 Violin-Sonaten für Pianoforte

This undertaking may certainly be called a bold one, for it could not be carried out without material additions, and to add anything to J. S. Bach, is, after all, a very daring act. Apart from this, too, a great deal may be advanced against such an arrangement. This, however, has been duly felt by the arranger, who has himself touched upon it, in his somewhat long but well-written preface, which was certainly required. The idea may be considered a new one, since the method in which it is carried out is completely different, for instance, to that pursued in the arrangement of Beethoven's violin-concerto as a pianoforte concerto, and of Paganini's *Etudes* for the pianoforte, by F. Liszt.

The author, speaking of the origin of the present work, gives us to understand that the far greater portion of it sprang, without any secondary object, purely from his plunging enthusiastically into the separate parts of the peculiar original. We will, however, allow him to speak for himself, and give the pith of his preface, stating the motives that induced him to undertake the work, as well as what his object is:

"During my inward enjoyment of the work, in one place, supplementary ideas, and in another, amplifications attached themselves to what was given me, and which is often only hinted and half-pronounced, and I could not withstand my impulse to complete, in my own mind and for my own satisfaction, the building of the palace, of which I saw merely the rows of columns and the golden cupola standing before me. It was in this manner, for instance, that, in the first place, the Sarabande of the second Sonata arose in its present form; this was followed by the *bourrée* and *double* (No. 4), of the same sonata, then, the Fugue and Presto, of the first one, the Ciaconna, and so on by the other pieces, just as I was captivated by them. At last, I perceived I was fairly engaged in a regular work, and, for the sake of completing it, I arranged, in the same spirit, the few remaining pieces I had hitherto left untouched. If I were called upon to assign a more material motive for the continuation of my labours, I must confess that I continued it simply because I looked upon it, at the same time, as a kind of practical course of study.

"This originating-process at once proves how far I necessarily was from any tendency effort to write, as much as possible, 'in Bach's style.' According to my notions of artistic style, I could not have been guilty of any greater price of folly than proposing to myself the task—only to be accomplished idealistically,—of necessarily publishing the new work, as Bach himself would have created it, supposing his mind had originally matured it in this shape, or as he—for all I know—would write it, were he now alive. This, however, is a path, on which such a number of 'Ifs' and 'Buts' lie concealed, like so many steel-traps, that I prefer not entering upon it at all. But, in order not to be misunderstood, I must, by the way, here make a difference between the congruity of material points of inward style, and outward casualities (if I may so express myself). I had to rely on a happy instinct, supported by some study of the art, to prevent me from sinning against the first, otherwise I was lost, and others must decide which of the two is the case. With regard to certain incongruities in the last, as, for instance, in my technical treatment of the subject, I am able to console myself, with tolerable ease. The present work, so far as it is mine, is destined as much as possible, to produce the effect of an organic whole, created all at once, without any regard (except so far as is consequent on the nature of the thing itself) to the particular century of its birth. If it produces this effect, I am perfectly satisfied, and my object is attained."

allien bearbeitet von Carl Debrois van Bruyck; Leipzig, bei Fr. Kistner. Preis zusammen 6 Thlr. 15 Ngr.; einzeln zu 1 Thlr.—1 Thlr. 10 Ngr. (Die Violinstimme ist zur Vergleichung vollständig mit abgedruckt.)

(To be concluded in our next.)

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